

THREE IDEAS OF GOOD DINNERS.

Delmonico's Greatest Menu, and the Best Meals Ever Eaten by Chauncey M. Depew and "Chuck" Connors, the Bowery Boy.

Here is the most elaborate menu that Charles Ranhofer ever prepared during the thirty years he has been chef of Delmonico's. The dinner will be served in Delmonico's next week to four people, at a cost of \$400. Here, also, is the menu of the best dinner that Chauncey M. Depew ever ate, and one of the most famous ones he ever gave. Here, too, will be found the menu of the "greatest grub racket" that "Chuck" Connors, the Bowery Boy, ever "struck." It was at the Shoreham, in Washington, that Mr. Connors ate the dinner that will live long in his memory.

"Hully gee," he said, "der wuz grub ter burn dat day, sure, an' me an' Lavelle burned up tree plunks on de feed."

The swallow's nest to be used in this soup at Delmonico's has been expressly imported from Japan, and the other things on the menu have been selected with like care.

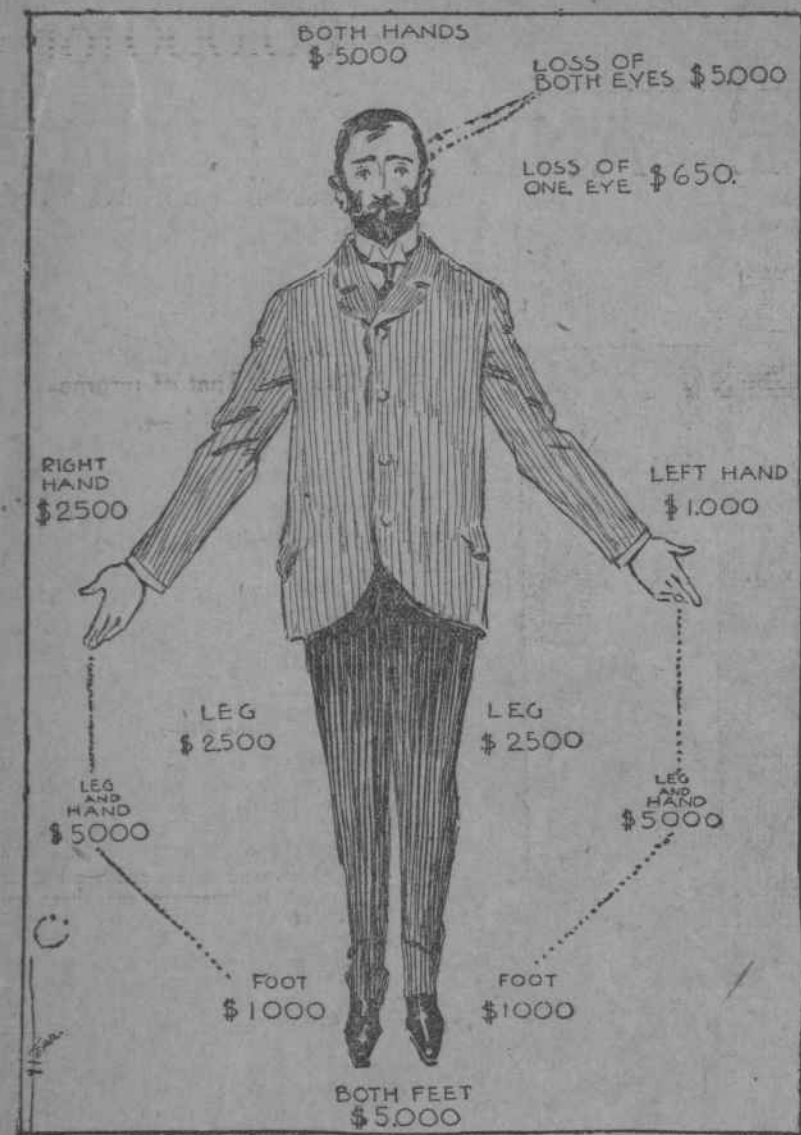
Speaking of noted dinners, Mr. Depew has this to say:

"I never look at the menu; it gives me no concern; it is entirely secondary. The first thing I do at a dinner is to locate the centre of fun, find out who are the talkers,

and learn where the conversation is brightest. Then I join in the feast of reason and flow of soul. The most agreeable dinners in my recollection were those given by the old Lotus Club some twenty years ago. They cost \$1.50 per plate. The most elaborate dinner I ever attended was some ten years ago, here in New York. I have forgotten who gave it or where it was served. I was invited to the feast by Judge Brady, and some fifty covers were laid. The cost per plate was \$36. The most delightful dinner that I can recall was participated in by me at the home of President James A. Garfield, at Mentor, O., in 1882. I called upon him there most unexpectedly, and found with him two of his old army friends. We were at the table two hours. The topic of conversation was careers, and the effect chance, circumstance or individual effort had upon them. President Garfield asked me, during the dinner, if there ever was a time in my life when, for a positive guarantee for present need I would have discounted the future. I told him yes. That when I was a young lawyer in Peekskill, hustling for clients, there came a time when, if any one had given me a capital of \$10,000, and a guarantee for life of an income from my prac-

tice of \$2,000, I would have discounted the future. He then admitted to me that just after his graduation from Williams College he returned to Ohio and began to teach school. Things looked dark. It was then, he said, when if any one had offered him the principalship of the high school for life, at an annual salary of \$2,500, he, too, would have discounted his future. Oh, yes, the menu was soup, beefsteak, and apple pudding."

Mr. Depew himself probably gave the most famous dinner ever given in this country. It was during the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1888. Mr. Depew was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and the New York delegation, seventy-six strong, stood solid behind him. The contest had been sharp and prolonged. When Saturday night came, and no choice had been made, Mr. Depew invited the New York delegation to dine with him at Kinsley's, the Delmonico of Chicago. The dinner was a most elaborate affair, and covers were laid for seventy-six. When cigars were reached Mr. Depew arose, and in a most eloquent address withdrew his name, announcing that he would no longer be a candidate. The entire vote was then thrown to Harrison, who received the nomination.



The Cost of a Man.

If you are maimed by an accident you may expect to be paid in this way.

Value of a Human Life.

Fixed by a Jury at One-Seventh of a Cent a Pound.

A Two-Year-Old Girl Recently Appraised at Six Cents.

According to This Standard Mayor Strong Would Bring a Trifle More Than a Quarter.

INSURANCE CONCERNS.

They Estimate That a Full Grown Man Is Worth at the Smallest Calculation \$22,500—An Interesting Decision.

What are you worth? Precious little, according to a Supreme Court jury.

Twelve enlightened freemen recently returned a verdict awarding six cents damages to John Coghlan for the loss of his two-year-old daughter Klitrie, who was killed by a cable car at Amsterdam avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-third street. Under the new law Coghlan did not ask for any specific indemnity in his complaint, but left the amount to the discretion of the jury.

As the plaintiff's attorney pointed out, either the company was responsible for the death of the child, and should have been indicted heavily, or it was not, to blame, and should have obtained a verdict nominally as well as actually in its favor. If Coghlan was entitled to any damages, they should have been made proportionate to his loss; if he had no case against the railroad company, the verdict of six cents was just as inequitable and unjust to the corporation as if it had been so many millions.

On the basis adopted by those intelligent jurors Coghlan was entitled to indemnity from the company for the loss of his little girl, but the legal value of the child was only six cents.

Taking that jury's standard of values, and estimating the weight of a healthy, well-developed child of a little more than two years at forty-two pounds, it appears that human beings are worth only one-seventh of a cent a pound. This may look like a mighty low figure, but it is officially sanctioned by the highest tribunal in the metropolis, the Supreme Court. If the Appellate Division sets the seal of its approval upon the verdict, the average New Yorker will feel pretty cheap.

Mayor Strong, for instance, will be forced to realize that the total value of his dignified person, clothes and all-making a fair deduction for tax and tobacco—is only thirty cents, while little Abe Hummel will go on the bargain counter for half that price.

Police Commissioner Roosevelt may fetch thirty-two cents at a forced sale, but Steve Brodie will be worth only the price of a couple of his own mixed drinks. Anybody with a spare quarter can buy Dr. Parkhurst, and Anthony Comstock will bring only a nickel more than the reverend reformer. Most of the justices of the Supreme Court will be sold at the rate of three for a half dollar, a price much lower than that commanded by the majority of the litigants who appear before them.

As for the fair sex, it seems preposterous

to estimate Lillian Russell at twenty-seven cents, but that is the legal value of the bone and tissue which generous nature has bestowed upon her. Sarah Bernhardt, well, it would be unkind to tell her just how small her value is, according to the standard of an American jury, and the sudden knowledge might prove too great a shock to her. It is gratifying to know that she has not yet been reduced to the necessity of holding a clearing out sale.

Imagine Calve, Melba, Emma Eames and Olga Nethersole going in one batch for 99 cents, just like a job lot of damaged dolls at Christmas time. Think of New York's society belles selling like hot cakes at \$2.24 the dozen! Picture a private sale of Boston beauties or physical culturists—but no, that would be the result if each of the gentlemen who do business at the sign of the three tilted globes were obliged to appraise his own value across the counter at one-seventh of a cent per pound of flesh!

Yet these figures are indisputable, according to the twelve lay jurors whose composite opinion decided the merits of the Coghlan case. They say human flesh is worth only one-seventh of a cent per pound, and what they say goes until the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, or, indeed, the Court of Appeals itself, may reverse it. Fortunately for New Yorkers—and for mankind at large, too, for that matter—they are not obliged to dispose of themselves at Supreme Court prices. Anybody else will give more for even a dead body than one-seventh of a cent the pound. Why, an ordinarily healthy man weighing 150 pounds, is worth \$15 to a medical college, after he is dead.

Accident insurance companies, too, are much more liberal than the Supreme Court. If you pay them a reasonable premium and a small amount monthly, they will undertake to give you various prices for the different portions of your anatomy, according to the way in which you may choose to part with them. The accompanying table shows the value they attach to each member of the human body, and it will be seen that, according to their standard, they will give more for your right arm than the Supreme Court will allow you for the loss of your entire frame. A table prepared by one of the oldest corporations in the line gives the ratio of indemnity as follows:

Death by accident.....\$2,000
Loss of hand and foot.....10,000
Loss of both hands.....5,000
Loss of both feet.....5,000
Loss of both eyes.....5,000
Loss of right hand.....2,500
Loss of right foot.....2,500
Loss of left hand.....2,500
Loss of left foot.....2,500
Loss of one eye.....1,000
Loss of one foot.....1,000
Loss of one arm.....1,000
Permanent total disability.....2,000

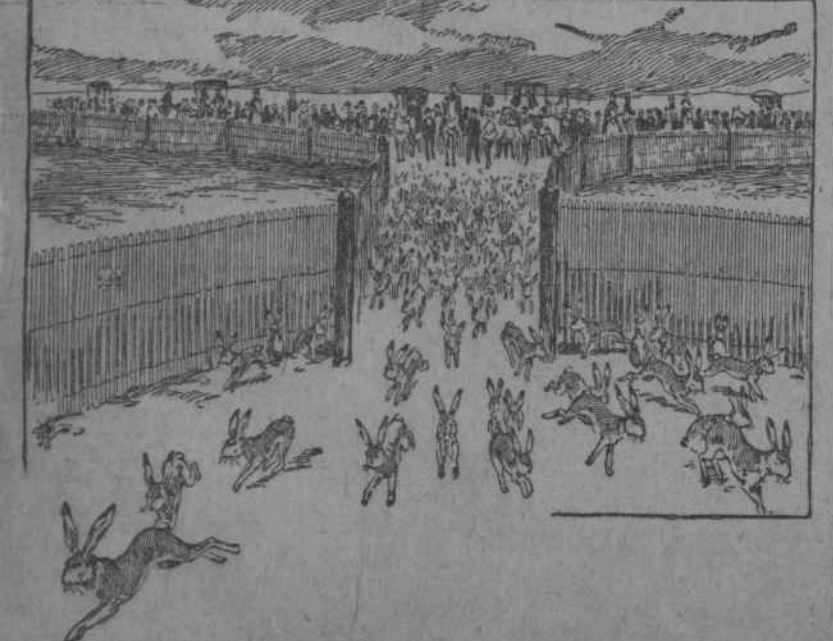
If the accident occurs while you are a passenger in a conveyance moved by steam, cable or electricity, you will be indemnified by the accident insurance company according to the following table:

Death by accident.....\$10,000
Loss of hand and foot.....10,000
Loss of both hands.....10,000
Loss of both feet.....10,000
Loss of both eyes.....10,000
Loss of right hand.....5,000
Loss of right foot.....5,000
Loss of left hand.....5,000
Loss of left foot.....5,000
Loss of one eye.....2,500
Loss of one foot.....2,500
Loss of one arm.....2,500
Permanent total disability.....5,000

Now, according to these tables, the value of a full-grown man, by the very smallest calculation, is as follows:
Eyes.....\$5,000
Hands.....5,000
Feet.....5,000
General activity.....2,500
Total.....\$22,500

Valued in accordance with the Supreme Court standard, as established by that learned Coghlan jury, a man of medium size, weighing 147, 140 pounds, would be worth only 50 cents.

Luckily, all juries entrusted with important cases in that ancient and honorable institution are not made up of the same way. The jury in the Laidlaw-Sage case decided that young Laidlaw was entitled to \$40,000 for the injuries he received while acting as a shield to Russell Sage, when Norcross threw the bomb.



Thousands of Rabbits Corralled.

Drawn by a Journal artist. (From the Journal's photographs.)

THE BEST DINNER DEPEW EVER SAT DOWN TO.

Little Neck Clams.
Amontillado.
Cream of Green Turtle.
Consomme Plumerey.
Hors d'Oeuvres varies.
White Fish, Point Shiraz.
Cucumbers.
Potatoes Persillade.
La Tour Blanche.
Eillet of Beef, with Mushrooms.
Potato Croquettes.
Stuffed Peppers.
Chateau la Grange.
Green Peas.
Sweetbreads Chapon.
Cardinal Punch.
Roederer Grand Vin Sec.
Cardinal Punch.
Broiled Squab.
Lettuce and Tomato Salad.
Ice Cream and Cake.
Cheese and Crackers.
Liqueurs.
Coffee.
Cigars.

THE DINNER HE CIKED BEST.

SOUP.
Tomato.
ENTREES.
Beefsteak.
DESSERT.
Dessert.

"CHUCK" CONNOR'S GREATEST "GRUB" RACKET.

SOUP.
Bean, Tomato, Chicken.
FISH.
Codfish.
REMOVES.
Beef a la Mud.
ROAST.
Roast Beef.
Corned Beef and Cabbage.
SWEETS.
Nuts.
Raisins.
Candy.
Ice Cream.
Fruit.
COFFEE.

Big Jacks in a Box.

Rabbits Slain by Tens of Thousands in California Drives.

Butchered in the Corral with Clubs and Shotguns to Make a Western Holiday.

SLAUGHTERED TO SAVE THE CROPS.

They Are the Farmer's Greatest Enemy. The Government Is Trying to Encourage Their Use for Commercial Purposes, as Abroad.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Jack rabbits have become a plague in the West. The cultivation of wide areas of land has favored their increase by furnishing unlimited food. Their depredations in California, Colorado, Idaho and Utah have grown so serious that the problem of keeping them in check is regarded with anxiety. Hence the timeliness of a bulletin on these interesting mammals which is about to be issued by the Department of Agriculture.

Sorely any attempt is made to turn rabbits to useful account in this country, except as food, though success has been attained abroad in the business of preparing the skins of these animals for market. Millions of them are imported into the United States annually, mostly from Australia and New Zealand by way of London. Their production is one of the most profitable industries in New Zealand. Most of them are shipped to European cities, where they go through various processes necessary

to transform them into imitations of valuable furs.

These rabbits are largely used for food and for sport in the West. In a fair race they can outstrip all but the best hounds, and can keep abreast of a railway train running at a moderate speed for some distance. Large quantities of the animals are shipped to market every year as game. In Middle County nearly 20,000 of them were killed in three months, on a tract of land only six by eight miles in extent.

In California the most effective method of extermination thus far tried is the "drive." An enclosure, open at one end, is covered with dead bunnies and from the opening of this pen diverging wings of wire nets are carried out in the form of a wide-mouthed Y, sometimes for a distance of two or three miles.

A rabbit drive in California is always a gala day. Excursionists are attracted in large numbers by special rates offered by the railways. The people turn out with sticks and clubs, and scattering over a great extent of country, start the rabbits and drive them toward the mouth of the corral. Every available vehicle is pressed into service, but the larger part of the throng is usually on foot. The lines gradually close in, and the frightened bunnies, urged on by blows and shouts, rush blindly into the opening between the wings and are gradually crowded toward the narrow end of the pen, where they are soon despatched with clubs. The number of rabbits killed varies from a few hundred up to 10,000, or even 20,000 in a single day.

The climax of the drive is a painful scene. Hundreds of men and boys rush in to the pen; the screaming of the rabbits can be heard above everything, and the ground is covered with dead bunnies by the hundred. At the entrance of the corral the scene is indescribably pitiful. To beat the poor screaming animals to death is short work, but everybody is glad when it is over.

In 1865 drives in California, from 1875 to 1880, 370,000 rabbits were killed. Similar hunts frequently take place in Colorado, and the dead rabbits are sometimes sent into the pen of Denver and Pueblo. They are transported free of charge by the railways. This charitable work was begun about four years ago. Last season 4,500 rabbits were distributed in Denver alone.

Nine years ago the government of New South Wales offered a reward of \$125,000 for a successful method of destroying rabbits. Pasteur, the famous Frenchman, proposed inoculation with chicken cholera, but it did not work because it would not spread. Three other diseases were tried—rabbit measles, rabbit scab, and bladder worm—but they were equally unsuccessful.

THE FINEST DINNER DELMONICO EVER SERVED.

Oysters.
SOUPS.
Swallow's Nest.
Green Turtle Royale.
SIDE DISHES.
Windsor Canapes.
Caviare.
Olives.
Mousseline a la Diana.
FISH.
English sole with Smelts, Dauphin Style.
Cucumbers, Fried Oysters. Crabs.
REMOVES.
Saddle of Spring Lamb, Paganini.
Peas, Fleur-de-lis Style. Potatoes Gastronomes.
ENTREES.
Breast of Chickens, Alexandre Dumas.
Asparagus Tips, with Cream.
Terrapin a la Trenton (Boned).
Sherbet, Cordon Rouge.
ROAST.
Canvasback. Truffled Squabs.
Aspic of Pate de Foie Gras. Lettuce Salad.
Cheese Souffle.
SWEETS.
Mazarine of Pineapple. Figs, Jelly.
Charlotte Doria. Fancy Ice Cream.
Fruits. Cakes. Bonbons. Mottos.
Coffee.
WINES.
Chateau Yquem, 1891, with the Oysters.
Madeira, with the Soups.
Johannisberg, with the Fish.
Veuve Cliquot kut Blanc, 1892, with the Remove.
Chateau Lafitte, 1878, with the Entrees.
Romanee Conti, 1885, with the Roast.
Veuve Cliquot kut rose, 1889, with the souffle.
Cognac, Chartreuse, Kirsch, Benedictine with the Coffee.

Water-Fingers Knead You.

Massage Operators' Jobs Endangered by an Odd Machine.

One Feels as Though His Bones Were Being Hydraulically Mined.

NOT A DROP OF WATER TOUCHES YOU.

Ingenious Device Now on Trial at the New York Orthopedic Hospital. How It Does Its Work.

To be gently, yet firmly, kneaded by "water-fingers" is something new. The fingers that have in the past done the kneading were of flesh and blood and belonged to a masseur. Now hydraulic massage is claiming the attention of the medical world.

If all the advantages claimed for this new method of treatment exist, the masseur may as well close up his shop; for in the future jets of water, called "water-fingers," will roll you, knead you and rub you, while the manual operator stands idly by and bewails his loss of occupation.

An odd thing about hydraulic massage is that not a drop of water touches you. Before undergoing treatment you slip on a rubber suit. The material is exceedingly fine, almost membranous. Then you get into a cylindrical tank, and the water-fingers take hold of you. The sensation is agreeable and resembles manual massage, although there are differences. The water

fingers seem possessed of the sense of touch, so cleverly do they manipulate the patient. There is one thing lacking, however; that is the magnetism of the operator. But while human electricity is not at command, it is said that the electricity in the water is equally efficient.

This ingenious device has recently been undergoing a thorough trial at the New York Orthopedic Hospital. The apparatus is the first of its kind ever seen in New York. It consists of a metal cylinder of about three feet in height and one foot in diameter. For about eight inches of its upper portion it has a double shell. The interior one is perforated with eighteen holes, each about one-quarter of an inch in diameter.

These apertures are made so that they all point to a common centre. A large pump for forcing the water is connected with this apparatus through large pipes. The water is forced through this in the part of the cylinder between the outer and inner shells, and then is forced through the perforations into the cylinder proper in which the patient stands. At the bottom of the tank there is a connection with the suction pipe of the pump so that the water is forced into the cylinder and then drawn out, making a constant circulation, and the same water is used over and over again. It is changed, however, for each patient.

The tank is first filled with water of any desired temperature. The condition of the patient and the mode of treatment determine the degrees of heat. The hand, arm, foot, or leg is submerged in the cylindrical tank, where the jets come to a focus. Then the signal is given to the engineer and the pumps are started.

There are several sizes of the apparatus to fit the different parts of the body. The treatment has been pronounced very agreeable. It produces a peculiar sensation which resembles the warm glow that spreads over the body under the hands of a capable masseur. There is an added charm, however, chiefly consisting in uniformity of action. Even though the hands of an operator fly ever so swiftly and skillfully, they cannot be everywhere at once. Herein comes the superiority of hydraulic massage. Every inch of cuticle is under treatment at the same instant.

While the water is under powerful pressure, it can be so directed that it performs its work either in a vigorous or gentle manner. Where the circulation of the patient is sluggish, but the general system is strong enough to stand the treatment, the jets are so manipulated as to produce a brisk rubbing sensation. This is accomplished by turning the stream directly on the patient and not letting them strike in a glancing way. If the aqueous jets exert their full strength the patient feels as if the treatment was being "rubbed in."

Those who have witnessed what a stream of water under pressure can accomplish in hydraulic mining will not doubt for an instant its efficacy on a minor scale. Great care is taken, however, not to let the massage be overdone. Rather than drastic treatment with harmful results, a gentle kneading is preferred. Like a Turkish bath, hydraulic massage depends on one's strength. Twenty minutes is generally the time allowed. These water-fingers can grasp you like the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan—a herculean grip—or can impart the velvety touch of a maiden who has never done housework. It is as delicate in manipulation as the trip-hammer which delivers ponderous blows or gentle taps.

Patients who have become so sensitive that even the delicate touch of a woman's hand would produce pain can stand being kneaded by these scientifically directed "water-fingers." It seems almost marvelous that there is not a brain somewhere in the machine to direct the manipulation. Medical men in this apparatus are inferior to manual massage. They assert that massage does not simply consist in kneading, but in different movements among the muscles, and is a boon to those requiring massage treatment.

As might be expected, some masseurs declare that this hydraulic kneading is inferior to manual massage. They assert that massage does not simply consist in kneading, but in different movements among the muscles, and is a boon to those requiring massage treatment.

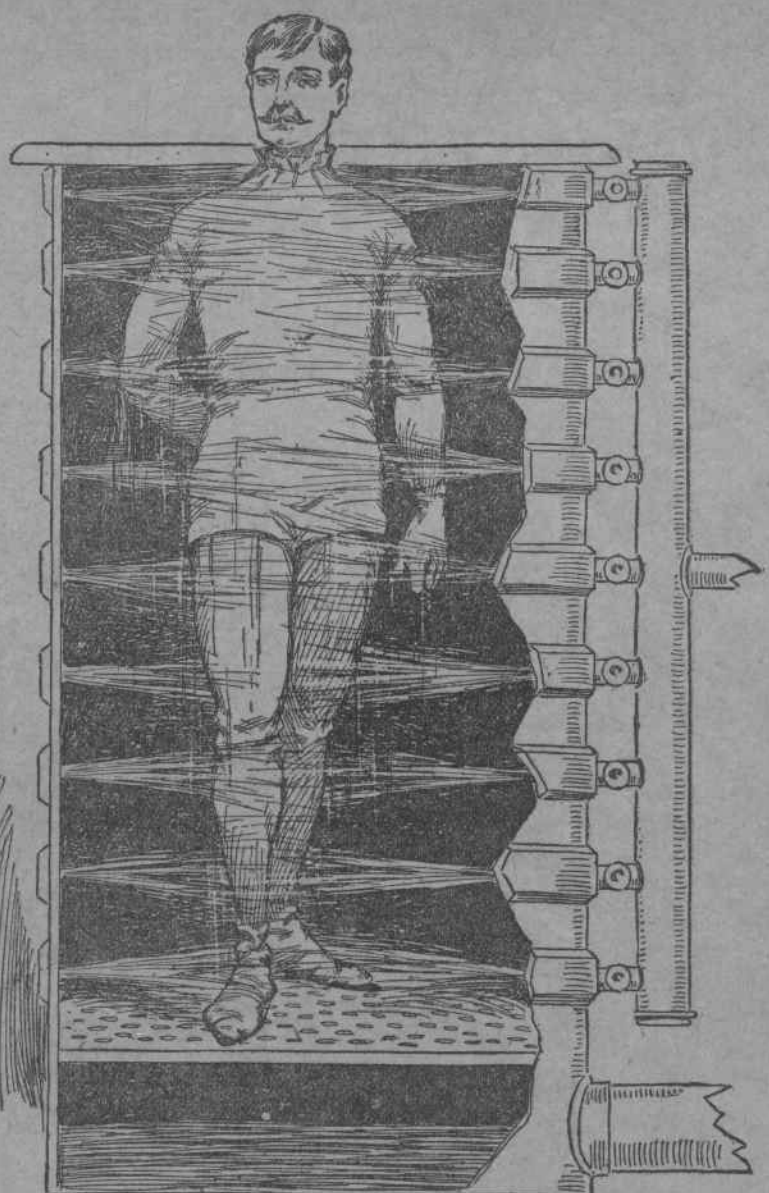
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Water Fingers Knead and Massage You.

(From the inventor's drawings.)

Johanna Laughed.

The Brains Ape Pleased with the Portrait of Her Printed in the Journal.

Laughed for Joy When Keeper McKay Handed Her the Paper.

SHE GUARDS IT DAY AND NIGHT.

Sleeps with It Under Her Pillow and Never Lets It Get Out of Her Reach—Translation of Monkey Talk.

Mrs. Johanna, of Central Park, spent a very happy six days of it last week, thanks to the Journal. Mrs. Johanna has had many treats and privileges. By virtue of being the most marvellous and accomplished member of the Simian tribe in captivity, she has early on Monday morning, McKays, who never leaves his charge day or night, was just giving Johanna her breakfast. But the meal was interrupted in order that the young lady might see the portrait of herself set down in the Journal.

"Aqua! Hanna, aqua!" said McKay, spreading out the page that was covered with her picture.

Johanna looked for a second, evidently mute either with astonishment or amusement. Then she reached out one of her great hairy arms and in a twinkling she had the paper fast under her paw.

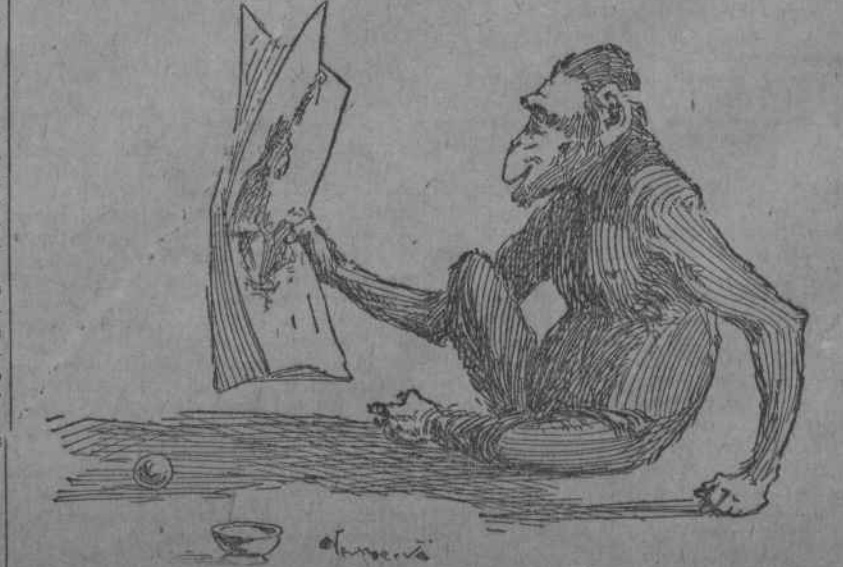
It had been rumoured somewhat in the process, but Johanna spread it carefully on the bottom of her cage, and working with both hands she smoothed out all the wrinkles and straightened out all the creases. She then squatted over it in rapt contemplation for several minutes. She uttered not a sound, but looked, and looked, and looked, and finally popped.

Suddenly Mrs. Johanna sat back on her haunches, picked up the paper in both hands and looked at it with a happy smile. She turned her head, and still holding the paper stretched out between her hands, she looked McKay squarely in the eyes, rolling back her huge lips and every one of her teeth and the major portion of her gums were exposed. At the same time she gave vent to a series of laughs, laughs that were so intensely human that the resemblance was startling. They were not loud guffaws, but rather an unbroken chuckle, which came in a sibilant tone.

She kept this up for several minutes, the laughing growing louder and louder, and her sides fairly shaking with happiness. "She's tickled to death," declared McKay. "Tickled to death. Recognize it? Of course she does. Do you suppose she'd look at it like that and laugh like that if she did not know what it was? You don't know Johanna. She has recognized that just as surely as you and I recognize it."

Yesterday the reporter for the Journal called on Johanna again to see if the contemplation of her picture had made her vain or conceited. She evidently recognized her call at the first glance. She came bounding to the front of the cage. In her hand she still carried the Journal page containing her picture. It was sadly worn, but still intact.

"She's been keeping that with her," Keeper McKay said, "practically day and night."



Johanna Looks at Her Queer Picture in the Journal.

(Drawn from life by a Journal artist.)